## SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

HEN winter clothes the
earth in white,
When coldest winds, are
blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night, When ley streams are flowing-

Then in the shelter of the some
We know the Joy of living,
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath, When bilds are gayly singing, When life prevails where once was death Relief and gladness bringing-Then in the leading of the trees, In verdure new and tender, We see the work of Providence, And hearty praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are ours, And in the vales and mountains We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains— Then from the glary of the hills.

From spiendors wide abounding,

From all things warm and bright and fair

A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes, With all its weight of treasure, And rich reward of care and toll Bestows in fullest measure— A myriad orchards, fields, and vines Proclaim to all the living: "A loving God supplies your need;
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"
-Mary Joanna Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

MARTHA GATES HANKSGIVING ES," said Mrs. Gates, de-

cidedly, "I'm goin' to do

Her husband looked at her transfixed with horror. "But listen to reason, Marthy," he said, pleadingly. "You mean all right enough, but it's a turrible resky experiment. You'll spile the hull day for them and us too." "Jest wait and see, 'Bijah."

"A nice Thanksgivin' we'll hev!" groaned Farmer Gates. "It's jest recdikerlus the way ye're goin' to act. I'll go and tell Jane about it, and stop her

"Now see here, 'Bijah Gates," said his wife, turning around upon him quickly. "If there's any reedikerlusness about this hull business, I reckon it'll all be owin' to you. Here's Jane and John Roberts hain't spoke to each other for fifteen year-own brother and sister, too-all on account of nothin', as ye might say. She's livin' on the old farm all alone with old Jahu, growin' crankier an' bitterer ev'ry day. As fur him, he's got a pretty little wife an' baby, an' yet I'll bet his heart keeps a hankerin' citer the sister that was alwuz a mother to him. An' I say it's a shame, an' I'm jest a goin' to bring 'em together!"

He shook his head. "It can't be done, Marthy," he said. "If you bring 'em together in this house it'll make it onpleasant for ev'ry one. Besides, it'll be n queer Thanksgivin' for poor Tom and Susy, fur we've alwuz had seeh good jolly times on this day. We'll all be like chunks o' ice."

Tom and Susy were as blue as their father over their mother's decision. "Lots of fun we'll have," complained Tom. "I don't see what mother can find in Ant Jane, a regular straightlaced old maid. Her very looks would turn sweet milk sour." "I know I shall laugh at her," said

Susy. "I do just love to do something a bit improper, just to see how shocked she looks. She thinks I'm the boldest, worst-mannered girl she ever met, I know she does. And she thinks Tom's the sulkiest."

"Susy," said Tom, scornfully, "I do wish you'd be a little more particular about your grammar. One would suppose I was the sulkiest girl she ever met. Don't underrate my dignity any more than necessary. It'll be crushed enough when Aunt Jane comes. She isn't our aunt, either-only our second cousin, thank goodness!

"Oh, mother," tauntingly cried Susy, "here's Tom talking about losing his way home, but sat upright and motiondignity because my grammar made him out a girl. My goodness! I reckon there isn't any such thing as aignity unless it's connected with b-o-y, boy.'

"Now do stop your quarreling," exclaimed Mrs. Gates. "It's very strange that you two can't talk without saying somethin' hateful to each other. I don't see why you can't behave and treat each other politely as you do other people's brothers and sisters."

But Susy is so unladylike," grum-"And Tom is so dignified," sarcastically retorted Susy, 'that even his own sis-

ter can't touch him with a ten-foot "Besides," said Mrs. Gates, severely, girl when ler mother died and left John. only three years old. She was goin' to be married, but gave that and everything all up, to make a home for her Gates!" father and John. Then her father got sick with old-fashioned consumption, and for long, weary years she took care of him and managed the farm, and out an' her nerves got all unstrung. Then she grew awful fretty, an' ev'rything bothered her. An' John, he never understood how it was. An' after their father died they had a few words, which led to bigger ones, and John called her a mean, hateful old maid, that the world would be better off if she was out of it, we could." and she retorted that that was all the thanks she got for givin' up ev'rythin'

ple if they won't be reconciled?"

find out, father," said his wife, "I reely don't know nothin' about it, but it does Thanksgivin' dinner, too, without thanksgiving gathering. thinkin' of the past an' kinder meltin'. "I hope ma's satisfied no An' there's the baby, too! I s'pose it will be kinder embarrassin at first, but ready to go to their rooms. if we use tact, an' be reel keerful-"

The unsuspecting brother and sister both accepted their cousin's urgent invitation to spend Thanksgivin' with her family. Poor 'Bijah's heart misgave him more and more as the time passed all the time," said Susy. He didn't have the heart to speak

discouraging thoughts to his troubled wife, and he felt that it would sleeping husband. Her strong, resolute not be loyal to her to appear to blame her to Tom and Susy, so he made a frequent confidant of old Sorrel, the horse, to whom he would shake his head and bring 'em together? Oh, make a way!" to Thanksgivin' day before, Sorrel, an' over her troubled senses and she slept. I hope I never will ag'in."

On Thanksgiving eve, 'Bijah Gates and his wife were at the depot to meet their in and deposited John and his pretty young wife, and his wonderful baby. Then the train puffed away westward. Bijah placed the three newcomers on the back seat, then they waited a few minutes before starting, ostensibly for the purpose of talking. Then the train from the west slid in.

Now Mrs. Gates' heart gave a great jump, and 'Bijah became very nervous and uneasy. What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?

Mrs. Gates slipped away to meet Jane. Thank heaven, it's too dark for her to see! Now if the train'll only start before she finds it out! Then she can't do nothin', but come with us to-night; anyway, 'cause there isn't another train till to-morrow morning."

This train also puffed off, Mrs. Gates

she's most broke her heart over it, an' flerce wind arose, and when John and | TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY. his wife went to bed their panes were "But how in the world, Marthy," said | covered with a thick frost in spite of the Mr. Cates, "kin you reconcile two peo- fire in the little stove, which on this night proved inadequate to keep the "That's jest what I'm goin' to try to large room warm. John, too, was considerably annoyed

at Martha Gates' deception. He would seem to me as if they two couldn't be in have done anything to spare his wife the same house together, an' at a the unpleasantness of this ill-advised "I hope ma's satisfied now," said Tom,

sulkily, as he and his sister were getting

"She probably is," tittered Susy "I think it's so silly for a girl to be giggling all the time," said Tom. "And I think it's just delightful to have a dear brother find so much fault

And even far into the night Mrs. Gates lay wakeful and restless beside her spirit was completely humbled. "Oh, dear Lord," she whispered, "I meant it all for the best! Ain't there no way to say: "I never looked for ard with dread At last a feeling of sweet peace stole She awoke very suddenly. Some one

was moving about in the kitchen. She could hear the stove covers rattling and guests. The train from the east came other sounds, then startled voices. She lit a lamp, half dressed herself and entered the kitchen. There were John and his wife, also half dressed, trying to give the baby a warm drink. Everything was confusion for a little

while. The only thing definitely known and understood was that the baby was dangerously ill. Then 'Bijah was aroused and started off posthaste for the doctor. In the

meantime the baby grew less and less able to breathe. The young mother was crying pit cously as she held the baby to her

breast. John walked about the kitchen

in a perfectly frenzied condition and Martha looked on helplessly. Suddenly a gaunt, stiff form appeared

in the doorway. It was Jane. "Don't any of you people know anything?" she exclaimed, vigorously. began to feel a little shaky, as she es- "That child's got the membraneous



"THAT CHILD HAS GOT THE MEMBRANOUS CHOUP."

would Jane and John do? "glad ye've come. Step right in on the Martha, I want steam. Set the kettles front seat with Marthy and me." Then, on boiling and give me steam." with a fast-beating heart, to let her know who was in the back seat, he called out: "Now, John, I'll take care

your wife an' baby.' They felt Jane suddenly start and then grow rigid, and then felt more and more sure, as the miserable time passed on, that she could never forgive them for their good-intentioned deception. She would not speak one word on the appearances," but a strange wall of ice

seemed to have frozen up between each

one there. Tom and Gusy met them at the door, filled with mingled humor and apprehension. They were too young and in- little company. The pretty young experienced and thoughtless to feel the tragedy in the scene before them. Their bright, inquisitive, laughing faces. filled the lonely, middle-aged woman's heart with new bitterness. Then, when they entered the warm room, everybody crowded around the baby and John's pretty young wife. They tried to in thee!"-Rodney Blake, in American Agclude Aunt Jane in the brightness, but riculturist. she kept herself persistently aloof. She, wouldn't even take off her hat and cloak. "Aunt Jane's had enough to make her | nor wait to warm her hands, but marchstern and unloving. She was a pretty ing straight up to Mrs. Gates, said: "Mar sha, please tell me which room I'm

Poor Mrs. Gates showed her the room and left her. Then she went into the kitchen. 'Bijah was there alone. "Oh, Marthy, Marthy," he said, "I wouldn't longation of misery is a good thing?" took care of John, till her health give have had this happen for the world." train in the mornin'," half sobbed his spared."

"She's a-goin' off on the six o'clock thankful-very thankful that you are wife, "an' she won't eat no supper nor breakfast, an' she says she'll never forgive me. Oh, 'Bijah, I did it all for the best! Surely, God'll help us out. Ho Tike you." alwuz did before when we did the best

It was only about six o'clock in the evening when they reached home from for him. So they parted. She give the train. The day had been very mild John half of what the place was worth, and the heavy snow of the day before ful for on Thanksgiving day, you can an' he bought another in Stamford. An | had rapidly disappeared in the warm at least be thankful that you are not a they've never spoke sence. But I know | sunshine. Suddenly, however, a keen, turkey.-Atchison Globe.

corted Jane to the carriage. What | croup. Give him to me this minute. I saved a baby's life once before the doc-"Wall, Jane," said Mr. Gates, heartily; tor came, and I reckon I can do it again. How she did fly around! She made a

little bed some way and raised over it a blanket tent. Then under cover of the of Jane, an' leave you to take care of blanket she slipped the spout of the teakettle, meanwhile ordering them to place the baby in the bed. Very soon the little tent was filled with warm, moist air, and a hot poultice was placed on the child's throat. When the doctor came the little one was breathing easily. Jane told him what had been the condition of the child and just what less. The others talked to "keep up she had done and he said, very emphatically and respectfully: "Madam, you have undoubtedly saved the child's life. I should have come too late."

He remained a short time, then left, and there was a deep silence amid the mother went up to the stern, lonely old maid, put her arms around her neck and sobbed on her breast. "Jane," she said, "dear sister Jane!"

And John? John was crying like a big baby, and Martha's eyes shone, and Martha's lips said: "Oh, Lord, I thank

Why Happicus Was Thankful. "Well, Cynicus, Thanksgiving day is almost upon us," said Happicus. "Yes. I've employed a detective,"

to nave." She added, sternly: "I'll said Cynicus, never, never forgive you, Martha "What for?" "What for?" "He's looking about to find what I can be thankful for." "Pooh! You are alive, aren't you?" "Yes; but-al-do you think the pro-

"For misery-yes. As for me, I am "Why, pray?" "Because you are an object lesson to

me. . I am thankful because I'm not And Cynicus had really nothing to say.—Harper's Bazar.

If you have nothing else to be thank

Why the Bleycle Girl Was a Weird and She was probably the weirdest-looking spectacle ever seen on Manhattan Island. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the far at steps. Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps, and a masculine bicyclist lounged against the rail.

"Why, Maudel" exclaimed the apparition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?" It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black chip hat trimmed with

pink roses and black chiffon. "My garden-party hat," replied Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear."

"But-Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt." "Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I am wearing black satin bloomers because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off."

"Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking galters on. And I don't wish to break her heart." "Why are you wearing that heavy

Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother. "Because sister has assured me that

she loves to see me look trim and trig, and has added that I look trim in nothing else. "Well," exclaimed her aggrieved

mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us of asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heartshaped locket."

"No, none of you. But Charles"looking at the waiting bieyelistbegged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisled? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?" "Go dress yourself properly Maude,"

"Yes, go!" shouted the repentant And ten minutes later a neat figure

in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist, rode merrily off on her wheel .- N. Y. World.

BAIRD'S TAPIR.

A Comman Enough Animal That Can Not

Still lass known in this country, and never seen, either in memngeries or museums, are the two species of tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown tapir of South America we do see occasional-ly, both alive and dead, but of Baird's tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and southern Mexico.

Although tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantziu, informs us that the Costa Rica Baird's tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; an in heathen mythology? How did the backwoodsmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. \* \* Tapirs are very fond of salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."-W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

The Pacific Slope Still Has Gold.

Out on the Pacific slope the old min-Ing experts and some who are not such veterans, but, nevertheless, know a great deal about the mineral riches of that section, are filled with disgust when they see the world, America excepted, going crazy over the gold fields of south Africa, while the deposits of that metal between Mexico and Alaska go comparatively unheeded by capitalists. Both in Cali-fornia and in British Columbia there are plenty of men wno insist that after the boom in south Africa shall have burst and the west Australia exciteall have died out the world me back to the Pacific slope of America for its best and surest supp of the precious metal, which was never more eagerly sought than it is now.-Cleveland Leader.

A Terrible Warning. Visitor (in insane ward)-And I suppose the fellow fishing in the tub of

water thinks he is Simple Simon? Warden-Not at all. He's the humorist who first invented the joke about the little boy who went fishing and didn't eatch anything until he got home.-Philadelphia Record.

PITH AND POINT.

-"You say that horse isn't afraid or anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife."-Life.

-He (coming out of the warm theater)-"You look like a broiled lobster." to eat."-Youkers Statesman. -"Fraulein, for months I have car-

ried this thought in my head." "Oh, the poor thought must be lonesome to be entirely without company."-Fliegende Blaetter.

-He-"Why shouldn't I be happy? I love you, and you know all the world loves a lover." She (in alarm)-"But then, suppose you should return it."-Boston Transcript. -"Never," began the philosophical

drummer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the Jrummer from Chicago .-Indianapolis Journal. -He used to say, "Will you be mine?".
No more the style endures,
Of woman "new," still divine.

He asks, "Can I be yours?"

—Washington Star. -Counsel for the Defendant (sareastically)-"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness for the Plaintiff (cordially)-"I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you."-Tit-Bits.

-"Politics," said the self-made man, "always reminds me of something I noticed when I set out in life as a sailor." "What was that?" "There's no good knowin' the ropes unless you've got a pull."-Washington Star. -- "I desire," sald the scientist, "to inform myself as to the mean temperature of this region." "Well," replied the native, as he shook the rain off his overcoat, "you couldn't have come in a

better time. This is it."-Washington -Wiggles-"I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?" Waggles-"Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away."-Somer-

ville Journal. -Miss Watson-"That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?" Novelist-"I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry."-Vogue.

-"What's the matter, Rastus? You look angry." "I is, suh. I is. Dat or'nary Col. Peppergrass done called me a niggah, suh." "Well, Rastus, what are you?" "I is a niggah, suh, an' dat's what done make me so mad,

suh."-Harper's Bazar. -"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken." "Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anythirg now." "Why, you said this morning that it was never too late to

mend."-Harper's Round Table. -The president of one of our colleges near the beginning of the school year, made this announcement at evening prayers: "Up to noon to-day que hundred and fifty-seven freshman on record." Then he read the chapter in Psalms beginning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

-Clinched It with Scripture .- A minister who had not been paid his salary according to contract, in tendering his resignation said: "Brethren, I have accepted a call to a better position—that of chaplain of the state penitentiary." Then he read the Scripture: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may

THEY CALLED HIM VENUS. A Funny Christening Incident in an En-

Sometimes in English country parishes, where the clergyman has been accustomed to have his own way, he protests rather vigorously if the name proposed for a child about to be christened does not suit him. Occasionally, however, he does so upon false prem-

The late Dean Burgon, when in a curate in Berkshire, was requested by a village couple to christen their boy "Venus," or as they called it "Vanus." "Are you aware," he said, "that you are asking something ridiculous as well as exceedingly wicked? Do you suppose I am going to give a Christian child, a boy, the name of a wom-

such a monstrous notion get into your "Please, sir," said the father, "we want him called after his grandfa-"And do you mean to say his grand-

father was named Venus?" "Yes, sir; there he is, sir." A poor old man, looking very unlike Venus, hobbled out of the city crowd.

"Do you dare to say you were chris-tened Venus?" asked the indignat clergyman. "Well, no, sir," was the respectful answer; "I was christened Sylvanus, but they always called me Vanua."-

N. Y. Independent. Since science has demonstrated that

artificial rubies can be manfactured, there is little doubt that before long diamonds and other gems will also be turned out from the laboratory. It can scarcely be said that made rubies are not genuine, as they differ in no respect of material or appearance from the stones manufactured by nature, but it is declared possible to distinguish them by means of a miscroscope. It is a curious caprice that will discard an article as spurious merely because it is turned out of the laboratory of man instead of nature, especially when there is no difference between the back of the plane, rather than the two products.-N. Y. Ledger. hanging it stiffly.

Winkers Succeeded. Binkers-Has Winkers succeeded in eaching his daughter to ride her new

bicycle yet? Minkers-Yes, she is out riding now. "Is Winkers with her?" "No, he's in a hospital "-N. Y.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

DEALS IN LIVE STOCK.

Kansas City Girl Meets with Success in the Commission Business The new woman has forced herself into almost every position of any note, She-"Well, I just feel like something | but the idea of a real, live woman going into the ce stock commission busi-ness is novel, to say the least. This wonderful woman is Miss Jennie Goodwin, of Kansas City. She is twentyfour years old, and for six years served as stenographer with a firm of live stock commissioners. Through her po-sition she came in constant contact with customers, and became acquainted with nearly all of the leading shippers of the southwest. About two months



ago she first thought of starting in business, and decided that she could succeed as well as many of the men who went into the same work, who were possessed of no more good sense or judgment than she herself claimed. She looked the field over thoroughly and carefully, weighing every suggestion she could think of pro and con, and finally determined that she could give as good service as anyone else, and a few weeks ago opened her office at the Kansas City stock yards. She has been fortunate in securing a good salesman, who has been at the yards since 1872, the year after Miss Goodwin was born. The hog man is also an old stock-yarder. Miss Goodwin is very popular about the exchange, and now that she is making her own way in the world finds that the number of friends have increased wonderfully: She has received propositions from several wealthy cattlemen to furnish the capital and incorporate a company, but she prefers to keep on as at present. She does not care for partners and wishes to keep the profits without division. Miss Goodwin is slight and not Her forehead is broad and high and suggestive of intellectuality. Her eyes, which are dark and brilliant, are shaded by heavy lashes. Her chir, is firm and her mouth that of a womanly woman. She is quick in thought and

speech and a good talker. SYSTEM IN HOUSEWORK. A Good Thing Provided It Does Not De

generate Into Idolatry. One must confess to a fellow feeling for the little girl who did not like to visit where they always had times for things, and yet that it is very desir able to have system in the household goes without saying. But no wise housekeeper will make system a Moloch to which the comfort and convenience of the whole family must be

sacrificed. An experienced housekeeper knows that it is impossible to regulate household affairs by a set of fixed rules without seriously interfering with the freedom and pleasure of home life. The unexpected is always sure to happen, and a wise housewife will make her system so flexible as to be able to conform without serious friction to the unlooked-for emergencies of social life, New Yorker. and be prepared for frequent interruptions; else all the pleasure and sweetness of the little surprises of home and social life are spoiled by our inability to adapt ourselves to the exigencies of daily life. The ability of the housekeeper to conform easily and cheerfulplans goes far to make or mar the com-

fort of the household. It is a hard lesson for a systematic make our home all that a true home should be, and our home life pleasant and comfortable.

The wise housewife will make some provision for the unexpected, and have something in reserve for the requirements of hospitality. It is always well to be forehanded with our work, and keep things done in advance as much as possible; for nothing so tends to make a housekeeper nervous and fretful as an accumulation of housework and unexpected interruptions.

While no one need be the slave of system, a little wise forethought in preparing for emergencies will often save much care and perplexity. — Lizzie Clark Hardy, in Good Housekeeping.

Draping the Backs of Pianos The upright plane is now placed universally, as it should be, with its back to the room, instead of to the wall. The back of the instrument has therefore became an objective point for the display of a rich or quaint piece of enbroidery. A bit of old Indian wool embroidery, a queer, brilliant-hued mandarin robe, a piece of oriental satin embroidered in many hues, or almost any pleturesque piece of work, can be utilized for this purpose. A very pretty effect may be obtained by selecting a satin in one of the leading tones of color in the room, and embroidering it with flowers in a free, sketchy way. and then draping it gracefully over

ANOTHER point to be remembered concerning tablecloths is the ironing. The ordinary laundress is apt to make a cross fold, which mars the smoothness of the linen. Direct her to fold the more only, also lengthwise,

WHERE WOMAN RULES.

The Home Should Be the Center from Which All Things Radiate. The mission of woman is to make the whole world homelike. While man commands the existing age, it is woman who commands the future, and there is,

therefore, nothing more vital than that our homes should become centers of art and beauty, fit to cradle the coming age. The first definite relationship of humankind was mother and child. The primitive human mother followed the example of the animal mother in trying to preserve the life of her offspring. Her duties were ever at home, looking after the children and the comfort of

the family.

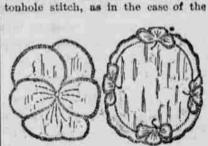
But in the course of evolution the home has come to mean much more than a mere place of shelter. If we read evolution backward we see how the inventions which have been made for the needs of woman, in her capacity as mother of the race, are being used to administer to the comforts of mankind at large. That housekeeping, under present conditions, is largely considered a burden, is due to the misconception existing as to the needs of the household. It is a popular fallacy that any woman, simply because she is a woman, is instinctively qualified to look after the home, do the cooking and sewing, care for her baby and meet her husband with a smile. This is a mistake only too common, and one which many learn when too late. The husband turns the key in the door of his workshop when his day's work is done; not so the wife. Her labor and watchfulness are constant; besides, she, too, often takes upon herself manifold duties that should be shared by other members of the family. Every mem-

ber of the home bears an important and essential relation to the whole, and none may shirk a duty without endangering the household harmony. Sons no less than daughters should be brought into close relationship with the practical duties and responsibilities indispensable in home life, while the daughters should not live to blame an over-indulgent mother for her mistaken kindnesses. All duty and right of obligation come from good itself and the idea of order. The home is the center from which all things radiate.-Boston

Budget. TWO DAINTY DOILIES.

One Is Intended for the Toilet, the Other for the Dining Room. The smaller of the two doilies shown in the cut is some four inches across, and is made of fine butchers'linen, outlined in white wash sllk, buttonhole bottle, and nothing could be much more delicate for a tollet table. The design in black and white can give no idea of the daintiness of the white silk or fine

linen in such a pansy design, The other design is about six inches in diameter, and is worked in yellow silk on linen of medium thickness, but-



TWO DAINTY DOILIES. other doily. It is intended for individual water glasses, and may match the "tea cloth" that is in use upon the table, both in material and in color of silk used. The effect of the delicate yellow upon the pure white linen is much daintier than any black and white sketch can represent. - Rural

In Praise of the Onlon.

A medical authority truthfully sounds the praises of onlons. They are excellent blood purifiers. Boiled onions used frequently in a family of children will ward of many diseases to which ly to any little change in her household the little ones are subject. As an external application they are successfully used in cases of croup and earache. They are good for the complexion, housekeeper to learn, this setting aside and a lady who has a wonderfully clear, of our own plans, and entering heart- fine complexion attributes it to the libfly and cheerfully into others that rise eral use of onions as food. People up and confront one; but it must of troubled with wakefulness may be asrecessity be learned if we desire to sured a good night's rest often if just before retiring they will eat a raw orion. When troubled with a hard cough, if a raw onion is caten, the phlegm will loosen almost immediately, and can then be easily expectorated .-Farm and Fireside.

> In Swiss and German farmhouses, where the baking takes place once a

How to Keep Bread Fresh.

fortnight, or certainly at fairly long intervals, such a thing as unpleasantly stale bread is almost unknown. It is put away in a peculiar manner, which tends to preserve its freshness. Sprinkle flour freely into an empty flour sack and into this pack the loaves, being careful to have the top crusts of two loaves touching. Where they have to lie bottom to bottom sprinkle flour between them. Tie up the sack and hang it up in an airy place, not against a wall, but so that it can swing. The day before the loaf is wanted take it out, brush off the flour and stand it in the cellar over night. In this way bread remains edible for three or four

weeks. They Came Handy. Uncle (to disreputable nephew)-You have got to be no better than a common

beggar. Hardly a day passes that you don't come to me and borrow money. Thank heaven, you are my only nephew, and I wish I didn't have you. Nephew-I am a better man, uncle, than you are. So far from wishing you dead, I wish I had five or six more such

uncles. - Texas Siftings. Betrayed Her Experience. "What do you think of your engage-

ment ring?" "You dear, sweet old boy, it's the handsomest I ever had-I mean I like

cloth lengthwise and then fold once it ever so much "- Chicago Times-Her-